

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

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MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

ON MOORE.

Soon after the publication of his translation of Anacreon, Moore visited America, and on his return published a volume containing Epistles from the United States and Songs written in Bermuda, of which the Epistles were so dull and the Songs so indelicate, that the volume is now but little read, and never quoted.

He next, I believe, undertook to write songs to Irish Airs, and here his facility of versification was eminently serviceable, for this work procured him the name of a poet. I remember a conversation which I had some years since with a critical friend, who in the course of it asserted, that Moore's songs, to be sure, had not much meaning, but a song need not have much meaning; and added, that Moore's verses were very melodious. I replied they were indeed; but I should no more call mere melody of versification, *poetry*, than I should call the grating of the poker on the hearth, *prose*. I believe however, a majority of readers are of my friend's opinion, that a song need not have much meaning, for Moore's Irish Melodies have precious little, and are yet very popular. An *allegorical song* sounds to my ears, and I should suppose it would sound to the ears of any reader of poetry, like the height of absurdity; yet let any one look over the Irish Melodies and see how often, Love and Memory and Fancy and Valour and Beauty and Reason and Folly and Wit are first personified, and then figure in an allegorical tale through the song. See "The Shamrock," and "Love and Reason," and "Reason, Beauty and Folly," and many others of his Melodies for exquisite examples of this allegorical sing song. There is another fault he has, arising from the same bad taste; he rarely expresses any thing plainly and explicitly, but darkly hints at it, and we have to guess at his meaning through a metaphor, and not always the best of metaphors; for if, as the same friend above alluded to once told me, a metaphor should always present a picture, Moore is singularly deficient—take for example the following stanza:—

"Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing look back, thro' the waves of Time,
To the long faded glories they cover."

Very musical—but analyse it and what a fine picture does it present—Memory in a sublime dream catching a glimpse of past days! (Truly this is like Bays in the Rehearsal "That grasping a storm with the eye is a most noble figure;") and then memory is further represented as sighing while walking under the waters of Time and looking back thro' the waves at long faded glories.—This posture of Memory is almost equal to that of another personification by a certain scholar of one of our Colleges, who wrote an ode on Liberty, in which these sublime lines occur:

"While on the ground the Goddess walks,
Among the clouds her head she pokes."

Here is another instance wherein he has carried this obscurity of writing to a still higher pitch;

"When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh bear my heart to my mistress dear"

Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here;
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so pure and bright;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

Now this I suppose, in charity to the writer, was meant to be both metaphorical and allegorical; because otherwise it is stark nonsense; but the metaphor and allegory are to me alike inconceivable. I have seen a parody on it which contains, to my apprehension, as much poetry and more sense, and which runs thus—

"When in bed I'm as drunk as a swine,
Oh bear this cup to my comrades dear;
Tell them 'twas filled with Madeira wine,
I drank it up and it laid me here."

If any one will translate the above stanza of the "Legacy" into plain sense, I will give him a copy of the Melodies for his pains—for I am tired of them.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

THE LADIES' FRIEND, No. 1.

"While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings,
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lip the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let us mention,
The Rights of Women, merit some attention."

BURNS.

I HAVE often thought that the female part of the community never have possessed those advantages for the cultivation of their minds, and the acquisition of general knowledge, that they are entitled to, and easily might possess, were those persons who have the conducting of our literary journals sufficiently interested for them, to devote more of their pages to their peculiar instruction and amusement. We complain of the want of taste for literary pursuits among our female companions, of their ignorance of general affairs, of the insipidity of their conversation, and of the partiality for dress and fondness for trifling and puerile occupations, which we so often find among them; while we do not at the same time, consider, that they have not within their reach, sufficient means for acquiring knowledge of greater importance, which would by affording subjects of a more dignified nature for the occupation of their minds, raise them superior to such childish pursuits, and render their company more agreeable and their conversation more entertaining. We have, it is true, in some of our large towns and cities, literary publications, a part of which are exclusively devoted to the instruction and amusement of the ladies; but their number is small, and although many of those who conduct them, frequently avow their determination to take the "fair" under their particular care, and to devote a part of their paper to their peculiar edification, yet the small portion allotted is often filled up with speculations on agriculture, commerce, or manufactures, political essays, or "Credible information," "Latest advices from the best authority" concerning a Turkish or some other war, or perhaps of late with "Remarks on the late duel;" and other matter equally interesting to the ladies.

Thus the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the politician, and the whole race of "quid

nuncs," all have their respective tastes gratified and respective interests consulted, and nothing is left for the entertainment or instruction of the ladies, but that (to them) never failing source of interest, the list of marriages, or perhaps some sentimental ditty in the poet's corner. Now I have too high an opinion of the good sense of our females to suppose, that they are satisfied with the little attention that is paid them in this respect; and, in fact, several of my female acquaintances have often expressed to me their regret at the neglect with which they are treated. "It would seem," say they, "as if the editors of newspapers considered us beneath their notice, and will not bestow a thought upon us when filling up their columns."

As I am, as my motto shews, an advocate for the rights of woman, I must mention that I think one of their rights is attention, and that, not only from our sex in general, but in a particular manner from the editors of literary journals. It is a right they are justly entitled to, and of which they have been in too great a degree deprived.

While, as before observed, *men* of every capacity and occupation can find in almost every paper wherewith to gratify their several tastes and interests, and thereby spend their leisure hours usefully and agreeably, the ladies, wanting those advantages, and not having any thing of more importance to employ their vacant time, spend it, either scouring the streets, finding out the latest fashions, or, perhaps, what is still worse, consuming in secret the insipid trash of Tommy Moore or the still more insipid nonsense of modern novel writers. These remarks are not intended for the generality of married females, as most of them have occupations of a more important nature to employ their time, although there is perhaps, now and then, one to whom they may apply—and there is no doubt among the unmarried ones many honourable exceptions.

The indulgence of this taste for light and trifling reading is the death of every thing lovely and agreeable in the female mind. Not to mention the dangerous principles which are often imbibed by the perusal of novels, romances, and other books of a like character, the effect which it has in destroying a taste for composition of a more intellectual nature, is sufficient to condemn the practice in the view of every person interested in the welfare of the young. It is not, it is true, for want of better books that this species of writing is so much read, particularly by young women.—Books are plenty, and good books too; but few, very few of them, excepting the class just mentioned, possess many attractions for female readers.

To destroy this prevailing taste for novel reading, to raise the female mind above the consideration of those many trifling objects which engross so much of their attention, to introduce a relish for intellectual pursuits, and for the study of such works as may assist them in the performance of the many and various duties of life, should be the concern of all who have the direction of our literature in any degree. It is, indeed,

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," that more attention might be paid to this important subject—and that they would devote a more considerable portion of our journals than they have heretofore done, for the peculiar instruction and amusement of their female readers. B.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

ROBERT FULTON, inventor of the Steam Boat.

TO honor the memory of departed genius and suffering virtue, is a duty incumbent on all mankind. But to honor the memory of those, whose individual exertions have heightened the enjoyments, augmented the wealth, and exalted the honor of our country, is peculiarly the duty of every American.

In reverting the eye of reason to the history of those despotic heroes whose unrelenting and blood-thirsty dispositions have forced an inscription of their names upon the eternal records of fame, what heart so dead to every feeling of humanity—what mind so corrupt and insensible to its own natural rights, as not to exercise every faculty, capable of remonstrance, against the perpetration of such cruel, base, and inhuman monsters! But how different, how changed, the emotions excited at a review of the lives of those immortal characters, who once acted for the happiness of man, and the glory of their country! In contemplating characters like these, which have extinguished the last spark of their native selfishness, and consigned their lives to their country's happiness and aggrandizement, we cannot withhold the tribute of our gratitude and admiration. Such were the generous sentiments, and such the benevolent motives which aroused to action the unwearied perseverance, and unrivalled genius of Fulton. Although, perhaps, the history of ages may portray characters, whose literature may have been less obstructed by the obtrusions of poverty, although some superior advantage for literary acquisitions, in their native land, may have elevated their seats on Parnassian heights; yet, when we contemplate the greatness of their plans; when we realize the benefit of their exertions, we are forced to the conviction, that the labours of no individual have reflected greater honor upon their country; or practical utility on the world than he whose character now engages our attention. In the constellation of American genius, the immortal Fulton lived unrivalled.

"Nature, and nature's laws lay hid in night—
God said, let Fulton live, and all was light."

In him commerce found an advocate, art an improver, humanity a friend. Devoid of that grovelling and mercenary disposition, so creative of a prejudice which detracts from genius its real merit, he lived and died the champion of art, the admiration of a grateful country.

His imagination, although lively and powerful, was stimulated to action only by virtue and patriotism. Such were the benevolent, and disinterested views which guided his overwhelming genius to the discovery of steam navigation, that grand trophy of American intellect, that wonder of human invention. Although the mystic application of steam had been subjected to the renewed attempts of the boasted greatness of European philosophy, although the inventive talents of its genius had assailed nature's highest bulwark for the investigation of its power, yet it remained unconquered, as though shrouded by the curtain of nature's impossibilities, until the nerve of an American genius had dragged it from its dormant inactivity, and applied its powers to the aid, and happiness of man. Who has seen the magnificent bark on our waters, propelled by that material which ages have supposed a superfluity, forcing itself against the conspiring powers of wind and torrent, with almost the rapidity of the inhabitants of its bosom, that will deem such assertions as extravagant, or ill timed praise? Will proud Europe continue her false pretensions, that our soil is not congenial with greatness, when she sees another Franklin illuminating the path of our arts and phi-

losophy, by the investigation of that very subject which she herself supposed to lay beyond the reach of human comprehension? But it is not the genius alone of this illustrious character which solicits our gratitude or demands our admiration. Those conspiring virtues which have ever guided his mental researches in the abstruse mazes of nature, reflect new brilliancy on his benevolent and meritorious inventions. Undismayed by the base and ungenerous insinuations of an ignorant, incredulous populace; unaffected by the blunted shafts of a motley group of pretended rivals; prompted by benevolence, he laboured unceasingly; aided by talent, his discoveries were scarce equalled. From the rapid advancements of this philosopher in naval perfection, may we not with reason predict, that had his earthly existence been limited to the revolution of a few more suns, Britannia's proud claim of empress of the seas would have been contended for by our heroes? and

The star-spangled banner, in triumph have wav'd,
O'er the land of the great, o'er the pride of the brave.
Although greatness in man renders his glory liable to the detractions of the envious and unsuccessful, although some fortunate age in futurity may adorn our pages with a more copious theme for eulogy, yet as long as justice and humanity continue to reward genius and virtue; as long as industry and perseverance are praiseworthy qualities in man, so long shall the name of Fulton ornament the biography of the world, and the superiority of his inventions reflect honor upon the land of his nativity.

BROWNENSIS.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

THE WORD "GODHEAD."

There is a charm in particular words by which plain minds are misled. The term *Godhead* is one of this kind. It has been so long used to express the Deity, that if a person were to doubt the propriety of the interpretation, he would at once be deemed a heretic. That learned theologians should use the word in this manner is not a little surprising; for they must, if they have not been stupidly inattentive, know that it is never used in this sense in the bible. "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." An English reader must here see, that *Godhead* does not mean the Deity. St. Paul was a man of too much learning to express a perfection of the Deity, and then couple it with a word which expresses the whole Deity. The power of God is a perfection or attribute of the Deity. The word translated *Godhead* is not *Theos*, which expresses the Deity, but *Theiotes*, which translated into English, means divinity or spirituality. Perhaps the orthodox use it because the Westminster Assembly have taught them to say, "There are three persons in the Godhead." They were fallible, but the scriptures are infallible. When the dogmas of fallible men are laid aside and the scriptures are made the only guide, there will not be so many bitter contentions. All will be peace and love. X. Y.

FOR THE PHILANTHROPIST.

MISSIONARY.

This word formerly conveyed a pleasing idea to the benevolent and pious mind. We considered the missionary as a holy character—as the favoured agent of heaven, destined to carry forward the purposes of Providence, and to alleviate the miseries and promote the final happiness of the human family. This was the general idea respecting missionaries. But the word has been perverted to the purposes of avarice and injustice, and "the best thing perverted becomes the worst." With

what a false charm it has been invested for the purpose of drawing dollars from the rich, dimes from the middlings, cents from the poor, and mills from the milk-maid! What a gilded pill it has proved to those who have been most ready and lavish in supporting these men! How much better off and wiser are their wives, their children, their relations, society, or even the poor heathens themselves for the vast accumulated funds of wealth and treasure that already have been dissipated? The hue and cry made by missionary societies from the pulpit, and their agents strolling from town to town like lusty Friars, begging here a little and there a little, to increase their funds, while others are scouring the country from Maine to Georgia, begging, at every place, for money to build meeting-houses, have almost exhausted the patience and dried up the sources of pious benevolence. Money! money! money! is their cry, O, give us money, or we die!—The current, however, begins to change. Reflecting people begin to view these officious beggars little better than "wolves in sheep's clothing." Is it not a gross pious fraud to send missionaries where the gospel is regularly preached, and its ordinances administered? This has for some years been done. Yes. The orthodox scruple not to send their missionaries to scatter the seeds of discord among brethren, and to make proselytes to their party. X. Z.

Objections to Unitarian Christianity, considered.

(CONTINUED.)

"3. We now proceed to another objection.—We are charged with expecting to be saved by works and not by grace. This charge may easily be dispatched, and a more groundless one cannot easily be imagined. We indeed attach great importance to *Christian works*, or *Christian obedience*, believing that a practice or life, conformed to the precepts and example of Jesus, is the great end for which faith in him is required, and is the great condition on which everlasting life is bestowed. We are accustomed to speak highly of the virtues and improvements of a true Christian, rejecting with abhorrence the idea, that they are no better than the outward Jewish righteousness, which the prophet called "filthy rags;" and maintaining with the apostle, that they are "in the sight of God, of great price." We believe that holiness or virtue is the very image of God in the human soul, a ray of his brightness, the best gift which he communicates to his creatures, the highest benefit which Christ came to confer, the only important and lasting distinction between man and man. Still we always and earnestly maintain, that no human virtue, no human obedience, can give a legal claim, a right by merit, to the life and immortality brought to light by Christ. We see and mourn over the deficiencies, broken resolutions, and mixed motives of the best men. We always affirm, that God's grace, benignity, free kindness, is needed by the most advanced Christians, and that to this alone we owe the promise in the gospel, of full remission and everlasting happiness to the penitent. None speak of mercy more constantly than we. One of our distinctions is, that we magnify this lovely attribute of the Deity.—One of our strongest objections to Calvinism is, that it subverts God's grace, annihilates his forgiving goodness, by teaching that an infinite substitute is provided for guilty men, in whom their sins, instead of being pardoned, are fully and infinitely punished. So accustomed are we to insist on the infinity of God's grace and mercy, that our adversaries often charge us with forgetting his justice; and yet it is objected to us, that, renouncing grace, we appeal to justice, and build our hope on the abundance of our merit!

"4. We now proceed to another objection often urged against our views, or rather against those who preach them; and it is this, that we *preach morality*. To meet this objection we beg to know what is intended by morality. Are we to understand by it, what it properly signifies, *our whole duty*, however made known to us, whether by nature or revelation? Does it mean the whole extent of those obligations which belong to us as moral beings? Does it mean that "sober, righteous, godly life," which our moral Governor has prescribed to us by his Son, as the great preparation for Heaven? If this be morality, we cheerfully plead guilty to the charge of preaching it, and of laboring chiefly and constantly to enforce it; and believing as we do, that all the doctrines, precepts, threatnings, and promises of the gospel, are revealed for no other end than to make men *moral*, in this true and generous sense, we hope to continue to merit this reproach.

"We fear however, that this is not the meaning of the morality, which is said to be the burden of our preaching. Some, at least, who thus reproach us, mean, that we are accustomed to enjoin only a *worldly and social morality*, consisting in common honesty, common kindness, and freedom from gross vices; neglecting to inculcate inward purity, devotion, heavenly mindedness, and love to Jesus Christ. We hope that the persons, who thus accuse us speak from rumour, and have never heard our instructions for themselves; for the charge is false; and no one who ever sat under our ministry can urge it, without branding himself a slanderer. The first and great commandment, which is to love God supremely, is recognized and enforced habitually in our preaching; and our obligations to Jesus Christ, the friend who died for us, are urged, we hope, not wholly without tenderness and effect.

"It is but justice, however, to observe of many, that when they reproach us with *moral preaching*, they do not mean that we teach only outward decencies, but that they do not inculcate certain favorite doctrines, which are to them the very marrow and richness of the gospel. When such persons hear a sermon, be the subject what it may, which is not seasoned with recognitions of the trinity, total depravity, and similar articles of faith, they call it *moral*. According to this strange and unwarrantable use of the term, we rejoice to say that we are "moral preachers;" and it comforts us that we have for our pattern, "Him who spake as never man spake," and who, in his longest discourse, has dropt not a word about a Trinity or in-born corruption, and special and electing grace; and still more, we seriously doubt, whether our preaching could with propriety be called *moral*, did we urge these doctrines, especially the two last; for however hotly they may be defended by honest men, they seem to us to border on *immorality*; that is, to dishonor God, to weaken the sense of responsibility, to break the spirit, and to loosen the restraints on guilty passion. To be continued.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON'S

Opinion of the progress of Unitarianism.

We understand that a literary gentleman of eminence in this neighbourhood, has lately received a letter from the late President Jefferson, in which he takes occasion to speak of the state of theological inquiry at the present day, and particularly of the controversy that is carried on between the professors of liberal christianity on the one hand, and trinitarians and Calvinists on the other. After speaking of the excellent tendency of the religion of Jesus, when inculcated in the purity with which it was first taught, he expresses it as his opinion, that a great proportion of the infidelity that prevails in the world has been produced

by corrupted christianity, and that if this religion had always been preached in its original simplicity and power, there would not this moment have been a single human being who was not a christian. In reference to the doctrine of the *trinity*, he remarks, that from the great advantages which our excellent civil institutions afford to the youth of this country for free inquiry and a fair investigation of truth, there probably does not now exist a young man in the United States, who will not die an Unitarian.—*Christian Register*.

Christian Philanthropist.

NEW-BEDFORD, AUGUST 6, 1822.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

The last North American Review commences with an interesting and elegant account of the life of J. J. Rousseau, suggested by recent publications at Paris. Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of the *Studies of Nature*, and the intimate friend of this illustrious Genevan, wrote an essay on his character, which was published in 1818, and was followed the last year by the history of his life and works, written by V. D. Musset Pathay. The writings of St. Pierre are familiar to many of our readers, and are, no doubt, associated with the recollections of their most pleasant hours. The preference which the reviewer gives to the sketch of St. Pierre over the other more voluminous work, is founded on considerations entirely distinct from the general prepossession in favour of the writer—considerations however, which it is not necessary here to notice. We agree with him that the confessions of Rousseau present a faithful transcript of his private life, but at the same time how happy it would have been for society, for France and the world had his *Confessions* never have appeared! Together with his other writings they did much, very much to accelerate the disastrous events of the French revolution, the effects of which have been so universally felt. Yet with what calmness does he acknowledge the dangerous tendency of his writings! While we regret his rashness, still how do we approve his honesty! When the popular feeling excited by *Emile*, his last great work, drove him from France, and shut against him the gates of Geneva, with astonishing boldness he asks "How can I enter into a justification of this work? I, who think that I have effaced by it the faults of my whole life; I, who place the evils it has drawn upon me as a balance to those I have committed; I, who filled with confidence, hope one day to say to the supreme Arbiter, 'Deign in thy clemency to judge a weak mortal.' I have, it is true, done much ill upon earth, but I have published this writing." We will present to our readers this great genius, as he appeared to Bernardin de St. Pierre in the month of June, 1772. If the imagination is somewhat excited, it will not be difficult for "the mind's eye" to see him at this moment.

"A mutual friend," says St. Pierre, "accompanied me to the dwelling of J. J. Rousseau, which was then in the *Rue Platriere*, nearly opposite the post office. We ascended three pair of stairs and knocked at the door, which was opened to us by Madame Rousseau. She said to us—"Come in, gentlemen, my husband is at home." We passed through a small antichamber neatly set out with household furniture into a room where Rousseau was seated in a great coat and white cap, copying music. He rose with a smiling air and placed chairs for us, and then sat down again to his work, conversing with us at the same time.

"He was of middling stature and thin. One of his shoulders appeared a little higher than the other, either from a natural defect, from age, or from his habitual attitude. In other respects he was well proportioned. His complexion was dark, with a

tinge of red on the cheeks—his mouth handsome—his nose well formed—his forehead round and high, and his eyes full of fire. The lines, which fall obliquely from the nostrils towards the extremities of the mouth and give the face its expression, denoted in his acute sensibility and something like distress.

"His sunken eyes and heavy eyebrows indicated melancholy, and the furrows in his forehead profound sadness; while at the same time a number of small wrinkles at the outer corners of the eyes, which closed when he laughed, expressed a lively and even satirical wit. These opposite qualities predominated by turns in the general expression of his countenance, accordingly as his mind was affected by the different subjects that occurred in conversation. When tranquil, it exhibited something of them all; and inspired at the same time feelings of affection, respect, and pity.

"Near him was a spinnet, which he occasionally touched. The furniture of the chamber consisted of two small beds of blue and white cotton, and hangings of the same, a chest of drawers, a table, and a few chairs. There hung against the wall a plan of the wood and park of Montmorency, where he had lived, and an engraved portrait of the king of England, formerly his patron. His wife was seated at her needle work; a canary bird was singing in a cage which hung from the ceiling, and several sparrows were picking crumbs of bread at a window that opened toward the street. At the antichamber window were placed several boxes and pots of indigenous plants. Altogether, there was an air of neatness and quiet simplicity in this little establishment, which was singularly pleasing."

"Dear Weisted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a mole;
Above ground never born to grow;
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a mole-hill all this strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread;
Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
'Till lab'ring on, for want of eyes
It blunders into light and dies."

A rejoinder! another rejoinder! Have you seen it? No. You will find it then, in the *Essex Register* of the 27th ult. I tell you now to look out for critics. Have a care for your words.—Think your thoughts over three times, at least, before you lay them on the paper. Why so? I will tell thee, friend. There has suddenly appeared a person of gigantic talents, who has set himself up for a wit. He is more subtle than Ciber, more vivacious than Dennis, and more incomprehensibly metaphysical than Lintot! Behind his efforts behold the shade of genius! Be afraid to encounter him! Tremble all my powers when ye think of him! In what does his art consist? O! it is strange! it is wonderful! It is no less an art than this—give him a sentence from any author, no matter whom, and by altering, corrupting, or substituting two or three words, he will, in a twinkling, make it nonsense! clear, absolute nonsense! It will then be announced to the public with all due formality, and be accompanied with the formidable charge, that it is not perspicuous! "Ye clear headed geniuses," says he, "what an obscure, what a dull sentence this is! Ought I not to be considered a great man for having detected this error? Will Timothy Dexter any longer pretend to out-rival me in a contest for intellect? I am a little god let down from heaven. I shew my teeth though I don't bite. All the people now will worship me."

"So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings my great forefather Ogilby.)
Loud thunders to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croaked, God save King Log."

POETRY.

THE RUINS—AN EXTRACT.

I'VE seen in twilight's pensive hour,
The moon-clad dome, the mould'ring tower,
In silent ruin stand;
That hall where grateful voices sung,
That tower whose chiming music rung
Majestically grand.

I've seen, mid sculptur'd pride the tomb
Where heroes slept in silent gloom,
Unconscious of their fame;
They who with laurel'd honors crown'd,
Among their foes spread terror round,
And gain'd—an empty name.

I've seen, in death's dark palace laid,
The ruins of a beauteous maid,
Cadaverous and pale;
That maiden who, while life remain'd,
O'er rival charms in triumph reign'd,
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen where dungeon damp abide,
A youth, admir'd in manhood's pride,
In fancied greatness rave—
He, who in reason's happy day,
Was virtuous, witty, noble, gay,
Learn'd, generous and brave.

Nor hall, nor tower, in twilight shade,
Nor hero fall'n, nor beauteous maid,
To ruin all consign'd—
Can with such pathos touch the breast,
As on the maniac's form impress'd,
"The ruins of a noble mind."

FROM PLAIN TRUTH.

EDUCATION SOCIETIES.

In a late number of this work, I had occasion to make some remarks on the absurdity of educating "poor and pious young men" for missionary and sectarian purposes. I proceed now to offer a few remarks on a subject equally, and I may add, far more absurd, than the one above alluded to; I mean the self-organized education societies. In making my comments on these institutions, let me not be understood as condemning associations, formed for the general diffusion of science and knowledge, but rather the avowed object of such associations, as being strictly sectarian.

"Education forms the human mind and shapes its course;" I am a friend to learning and learned institutions, and I hail the day, when the lights of knowledge shall illuminate this western hemisphere, and even shed a ray of lustre on the fading glory of the eastern world. But I enter my solemn, though humble protest against the present system of management, to obtain funds, for the purpose of educating a set of poor, pious, and indolent young men to become missionaries or sectarian preachers. There is something imposing in the idea of an association formed for the express purpose of fostering genius and promising talents, but when the cloven foot of sectarian ambition shows itself, and the mind is chained down and enslaved by a set of articles, which go to regulate their professional career, even though it be in opposition to inclination and talents, then I say, it is high time that such a system of intolerance and oppression should be exploded. It is moreover, a nursery of hypocrisy, for the student who is so unfortunate as to be fettered by their regulations and restrictions, will most probably hold the following soliloquy—"Here I am, clothed in fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day under the glorious auspices of the 'Education Society.' It is true, I came here poor, pious, and ignorant, but the beauties of the classic page, have almost magically

flashed upon my imagination, and stored my mind with lore and learning,—and notwithstanding I feel a rebellious spirit fast growing upon me, and my inclinations pointing me to different pursuits—yet, here I am at my ease, no toil, no care, and on the high road to eminence and distinction too, it will be folly in me to bolt at this time, and say that an education has changed my views of men and things, and that I cannot longer consider myself bound to become a preacher of this or that doctrine; no, this would prove at once, a signal to cut short my support, and I should be doomed, sans ceremonie, to practice a little industry to carry myself through. No, I will draw the mantle of dissimulation over my views and feelings, until I have completely duped this education society, out of all the support I need, and then, I'll—do as I please."

I put the question to the reader's candour and understanding, if the above picture is not a fair probability? but on the other hand I would not be understood as condemning education societies, so they are regulated on principles of general benevolence and toleration—an association that shall co-operate with promising talents, in cultivating their powers, without any regard to their subsequent profession or employment. And on no other ground ought an education society to receive countenance or support. I think it would be better for the community did no education society exist. It is alleged, that talents often fall to the lot of indigence, and that it is praiseworthy to extend the hand of patronage to such, by enabling them to obtain an education: Granted; but on the other hand I set it down as a broad general rule, that a young man of real sterling talents, is capable of educating himself; and any dependence on either education societies or individuals, is no compliment to the student's intellects or industry, nor does it afford any guarantee to the education society, that he will ever become eminent or useful.

SENEX.

ORIGINAL SIN.

I was informed by a gentleman from New-Hampshire, that in former times, a plain honest Scotchman living in that state, being dangerously sick, was visited by his minister, who was also, I think, a Scotchman. The clergyman urged the duty of repentance for sin, and called upon the sick man to review his life. He acknowledged himself a sinner, and professed sincere repentance. Said the minister, do you repent of all your sins? Do you repent of Adam's first sin? "Adam! Adam!" said the sick Scotchman, "I never knew the mon."

OSTENTATIOUS CHARITY.

Numerous sectarian prints have been established about the country. The editors of these trumpet forth to the world the amount of donations from particular towns and individuals, and every one who finds his name thus recorded, is taught to say of himself, "I thank God I am not like this poor publican, who has given nothing for Missions." This feeling of self-righteousness is carefully cherished; preachers often teaching their hearers that, those are most acceptable to them, (which is often of great moment with some men) who pay most liberally to support their schemes. Thus, a man after paying \$5 for educating some "poor and pious young man," or to send a preacher to some distant land, sends his name to be published, and then wrapping himself up in his cloak of self-righteousness, sits waiting for the arrival of the paper wherein he expects to see the deed announced. It is this publishing of names, and the returning compliments for "uncommon liberality," that have drawn and that still draw vast sums

from the pockets of industry, to support luxury and wickedness. In the mean time, the chief object, self-aggrandizement, is not lost sight of by those who have set all this on foot; the day when all disguise may be thrown off is anxiously looked for, and ever and anon the public pulse is tried, by threatening, to see how far the patient's constitution has been broken by the poisonous potions which have been clandestinely administered.

Advantages of Reading.—By reading, we acquaint ourselves, in a very extensive manner, with the affairs, actions, and thoughts of the living and the dead, in the most remote nations, and in the most distant ages; and that with as much ease as though they lived in our own age and nation. By reading of books we may learn something from all parts of mankind; whereas, by observation, we learn all from ourselves, and only what comes within our own direct cognizance: by conversation, we can only enjoy the assistance of very few persons, viz. those who are near us, and live at the same time that we do, that is, our neighbours and cotemporaries. But our knowledge is still much more narrowed if we confine ourselves merely to our own solitary reasonings without much observation or reading; for then all our improvement must arise only from our own inward powers and meditations.

MARRIED.

In this town, 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Alexander Gibbs to Miss Mary Gifford, daughter of Mr. Abraham Gifford—Mr. Richard Woeden to Miss Hannah Case.

In Raynham, Mr. Lewis Washburn to Miss Eunice Leonard, both of Middleborough.

In Newport, Mr. Richard B. Mumford to Miss Emeline Almy.

In Medford, on Tuesday evening last, Mr. William Rogers of Medford, to Miss Mary How, of Boston.

In Boston, Mr. Joseph Whitney to Miss Elizabeth Pratt.

DIED.

In this town, on Tuesday evening last, Mrs. Martha Beetle, aged 28, wife of Capt. Henry Beetle.

On Saturday, Henry, youngest son of Mr. William H. Allen, aged 16 months.

In Newport, Mr. Silas Gardner, aged 33.

In Dedham, Mrs. Harriet Fuller, wife of Mr. David Fuller, aged 23.

In Salem, Mr. Joseph Eustis, aged 27.

In Bradford, Mr. Joseph Kimball, aged 46.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF NEW-BEDFORD.

ARRIVED.

July 30th—Sch. Mary & Margaret, Herriman, from Orrington, Maine; sloop Rosetta, Howland, Machias.

31st—Sloop Alfred, Spear, 4 days from Thomaston.

Aug. 2d—Sloop Justina, Allen, New-York; sch'r Polly, Young, Norfolk.

Aug. 3—Brig Clytus, Almy, 56 days from Gottenburg, with iron, to Seth Russell & Sons. Left, June 3. brig Caravan, Dill, of Boston; Iris, Mayo, do.—Spoke, June 20, off Beachy Head, ship Charles & Henry, 41 days from Charleston for Amsterdam—July 2, lat. 43 30, lon. 22 30, packet ship Elizabeth, of New-York, did not understand where bound—July 3, lat. 48 16, lon. 23 30, ship Foster, 16 days from Charleston for Liverpool—9th, lat. 45 50, lon. 36, brig Nestor, of Beverly, from Baltimore, for Amsterdam.

Same day—Sloops Elizé-Nicoll, Perry, New-York; Mary-Ann, Jenney, Albany.

5th—Sloop Experiment, Taber, New-York.

TERMS OF THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half-yearly in advance.

ALL letters and communications must be directed, "Editor of the Christian Philanthropist, New-Bedford," and the POSTAGE on them be paid.